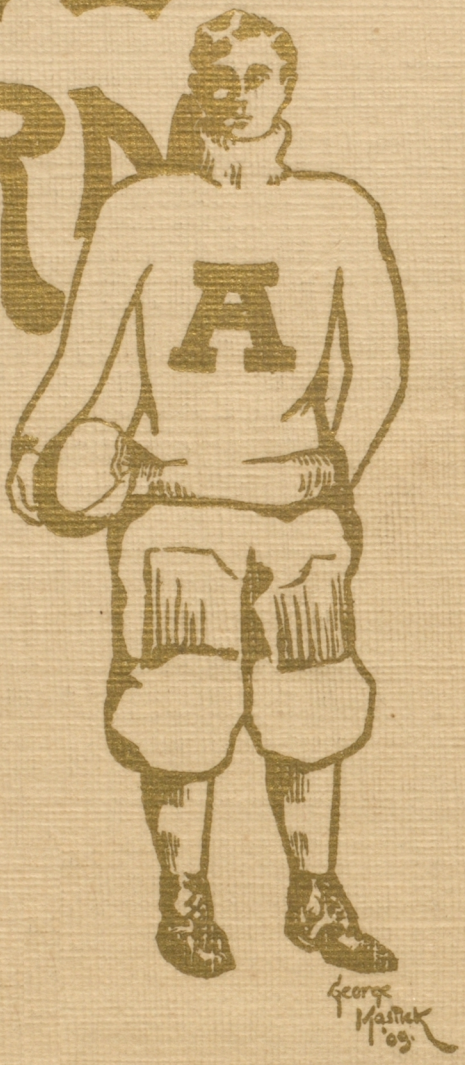
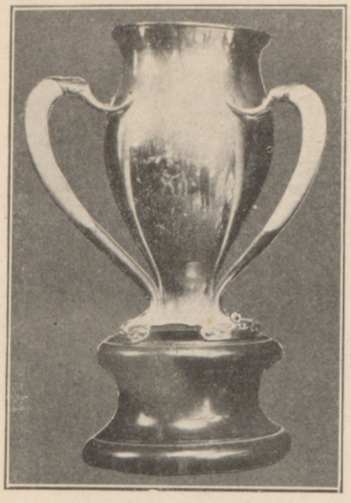
THE ACORN





A. A. L. Championship

Baseball Trophy

1909

Second Place

Stanford

Interscholastic Meet

A. A. L. Championship

Football Trophy

1908

THE ACORN

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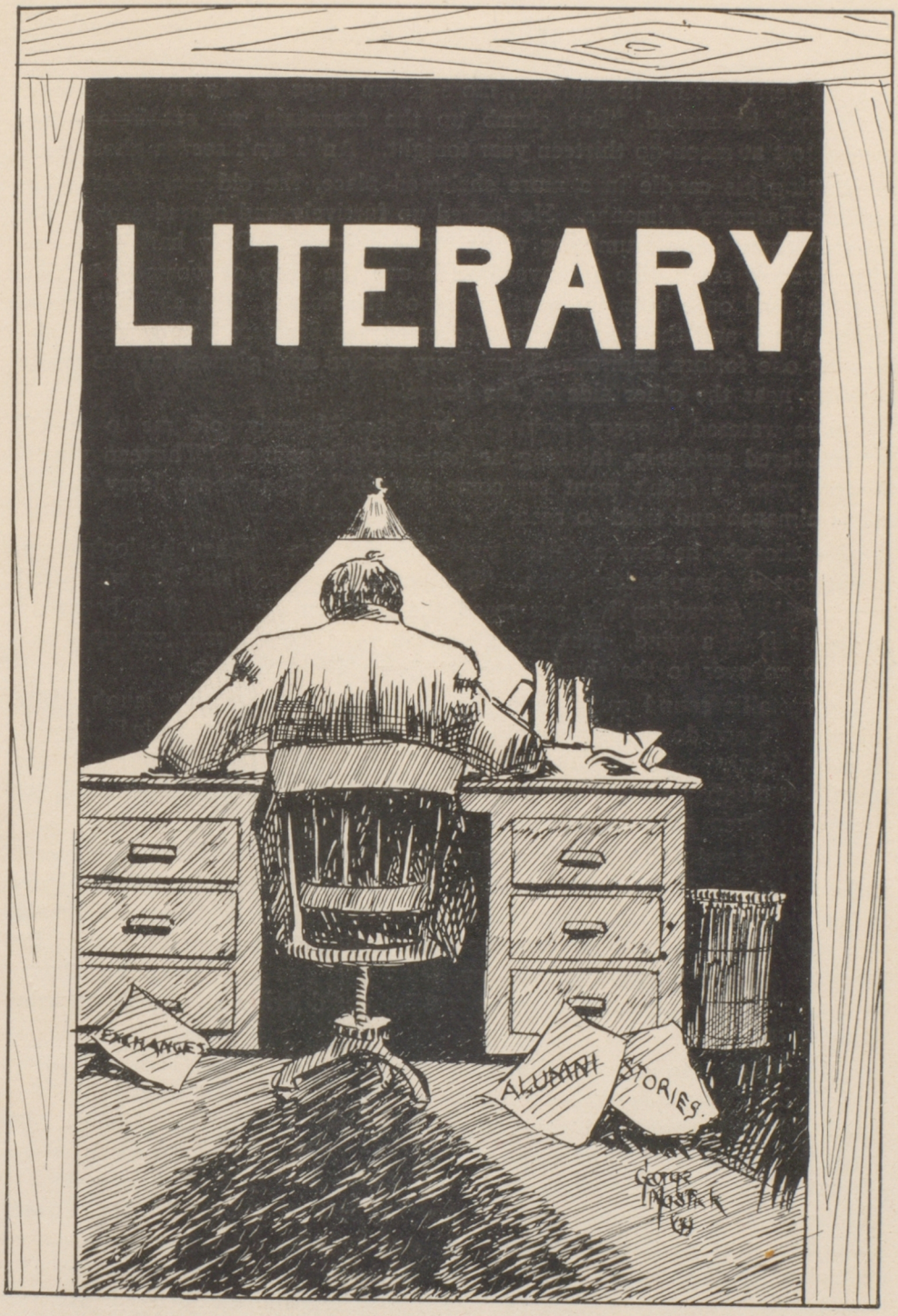

LITERARY
EXCHANGES
ALUMNI
STORIES

The Haunted House

Old Jerry sat on the sunken, moss-grown steps of the haunted house. "Mirandy," he mused, "I've clumb up the mountain an' set here every evenin' jest at moon-up thirteen year tonight. An' I ain't seen a ghost yet."

Setting his candle in a more sheltered place, the old man bent again over the Farmers' Almanac. He looked up furtively and peered around the old ruin toward the crumbling white stone chimney. Only half of it was left, towering stark, like a gravestone, above the heap of worm-eaten timbers that had once been the south wing of the house. The chimney stood almost alone, and the dim starlight revealed the fireplace below, long cold, with its one forlorn andiron. Then Jerry turned and glanced at the white oleander near the other side of the house.

"I've watered it every night jest es sister Mirandy told me to—ugh!" he shuddered suddenly, thinking he had heard a sound. "Thirteen year—thirteen year; I didn't want ter come tonight." Once more Jerry turned to his almanac and tried to read.

He thought he saw a dark figure glide by him. When he looked up, it was lost in the oleander bush. "She was buried in black," he whispered to himself. A sudden life possessed the oleander bush, and it began to quiver as if in a wind. But there was no wind. Old Jerry got up trembling to go over to the shrub. He sat down again weakly.

A metallic sound came from the bush, like an unearthly laugh. The old man threw down his pamphlet and started up. "Mirandy!" he exclaimed, "if that's yer, let me see yer. I can't stan' this no longer." He heard the laugh a second time, now gentle like a running brook, and yet uncanny. Then all was still.

Jerry turned and found the almanac burning in the candle. He saw nothing but the old house in its flare, the white chimney, the white bloom of the oleander, and back into the dark forest behind the house where the well was. The old man put out the blaze and, growing calmer, looked for the moon. He could see its pale rim rising over the hazy mountains away to the east. Just a moment more and he could bring the water for the oleander bush.

He thrust the charred almanac into his pocket and waited. Jerry wished there was a breeze—the place was so still. A dull thud broke the quiet. He turned around, and saw a large stone from the chimney roll down the incline below the south wing. The faint light of the risen moon glimmered on the white stone, and Jerry determined to go to the well.

As he passed the chimney, he imagined that it trembled. He started when he looked at the top of it. Sitting there was a dark figure; even as he looked, it disappeared suddenly inside the chimney. Jerry stood spellbound. An unearthly sound rent the air. The chimney tottered, swayed too far, and fell with a jarring crash confused with weird screams. The whole mass tumbled headlong down the hill. Jerry ran back toward the

steps, terrified. Then, courageous with curiosity, he stole back toward the scattered debris, white and ghostly under the brightening moon.

As he approached, the dark ghost arose from the white mass. A white oleander wreath was on its brow and intertwined in the long, pale-golden hair.

"Mirandy!" exclaimed Jerry, running to her with outstretched arms.

"Villain!" he heard behind him. A strong arm grasped him at the neck and threw him back toward the rising moon.

"Belinda!" Jerry could hear a tall young man exclaim, as he recovered himself; "on the very night of our marriage—who is this person?"

'O John, who is he? You are so late, and I waited at the oleander till I just had to get up the chimney to look down the road for you. And it all fell down."

"You're not hurt, Belinda? Come, then, quick; the horses are ready."

As the eloping couple rode off, Jerry limped back with the water for the oleander. And thus he soliloquized: "Them summer boarders—of course it's some of them from over the hill. O Mirandy, thank yer stars ye never lived ter see them boarders!"

HELEN CORNELIUS.

What the School Clock Saw One Night

It was ten o'clock. The janitor had left hours ago, after he had finished sweeping the rooms, emptying the waste baskets, clearing away the papers he had found on the floor; he had closed the door, locked up the building, and gone home.

The clock in Mr. Marshall's room ticked quietly on, in the same mournful tone. At last it heaved a great sigh, and addressing itself to no particular one of the books on the reference shelf, said in a melancholy way: "I wish something would happen." Green's History of England stood up, stretched itself, and said: "So do I."

Yet neither took it as an ordinary course of affairs when the door opened, and in walked a judge. His long, black robes flowed behind him as he moved; his white, powdered wig was a little to one side, and he carried a large volume (law book, most likely) under his right arm. He walked sedately to the desk and, looking at the clock, said: "I am a messenger, sent here to tell you that you will be honored by a visit of some very noble ladies and gentlemen. I shall take my post at the door and announce them as they enter the apartment." He stepped to the door, opened it, and waited. The clock, with astonished eyes, watched, and so did all the books on the shelves. Never before had such a thing happened; they wondered who were coming and where they were coming from. They reflected that the man was not real, because they could see through him as he walked to the door! He looked light and white. Maybe he was a circuit judge; maybe he was a—

Their soliloquies were cut short by the man, speaking slowly and distinctly, announcing, "Queen Elizabeth and King Henry the Eighth!" As this couple entered, the clock bowed; so did the books, one being so surprised that it stooped too low and fell on the floor with a bang. Montague's was just going to help him up, when "Mary, Queen of Scots, and Philip the Second of Spain" were announced. This couple, the queen carrying her head in her hand, passed Elizabeth and her father and sat down behind them. Charles the Fifth and Lady Jane Grey came next, followed by Charlotte Corday and Cardinal Woolsey. Marie Antoinette entered with Napoleon, Julius Caesar with Queen Anne, and George Washington with Mary Tudor. Then came a group of gentlemen: Sir Francis Drake, Lord Byron, Walter Scott, Robert Burns, Duncan, Babington, Lord Leicester, Cicero, Brutus, Frederick the Great, and John Huss. They all seated themselves, and Henry the Eighth, from his place at the desk, began: "Ladies and Gentlemen: We are here tonight to discuss the questions of history and literature; we all have agreed that the present historians and critics have murdered us. They accuse us of things that we never did, call us names, laugh at us, and spoil our reputations. In literature, our poems and books are picked to pieces, discussed and criticized, thoughts put into the heads of pupils that are not true about our works of art, and ideas got from our poems that we never thought of in our lives. Mr. Marshall is about the only living history teacher who has not blamed Mary for what she did. His good judgment ought to be rewarded, and we might write him a note of thanks for what he has done, do you not think so?"

While the others were considering this mighty problem, footsteps were heard in the hall, and the clock, looking at its face, saw that it was a quarter to eight. Instantly the books got into their right positions, there came the sound of the turning of the knob, the door opened, and Mr. Marshall entered. As he did so, the figures vanished into air, and no trace was left of them. The history teacher busied himself with his books and papers and waited for his classes to arrive. Little did he guess what the school clock had seen that night!

A HIGH JUNIOR, '09.

A Chaucer Tale, Simply Rendered

There was in Asia, in a great city of Christians, a Jewry, hateful to Christ and to his followers, but maintained by a lord of that country for foul usury and villainous lucre. A little school for Christian folk stood down at the farther end of the free street, where children learned to speak, to sing, and to read.

Among these children was a widow's son, a little chorister, seven years of age. He went to school daily, and whenever he passed the image of Christ's mother he knelt down as he had been taught, and said his "Ave Maria" and went his way. As he sat in school, he listened attentively as the "Alma Redemptoris" was sung. He harkened to the words and to the notes until he knew the first verse by rote. He did not know what the

Latin words meant, so he prayed daily that his comrade would explain the song to him and tell him why it was sung. He prayed on his knees, and one day his older comrade answered: "I have heard it said this song was made to salute Our Blissful Lady and to beg her to be our help and succor when we die. I can tell you no more of this matter. I learn singing. I know small grammar."

"If this song is made in reverence of Christ's mother," said the innocent child, "now certainly I will study hard to learn it all by Christmas time, and even if I am beaten three times in an hour for not studying my primer, I will learn this song to honor Our Virgin Mary."

His comrade taught it to him secretly, as they went home from day to day, until he knew it by heart. Then he sang it, well and boldly, from word to word, according with the note. Twice a day he sang it, schoolward and homeward, for his thoughts were set on Christ's mother. The sweetness of the Virgin had pierced his heart, so that he knew no stint of singing by the way, but sang "O Alma Redemptoris" full merrily and loudly, through the free street of the Jewry.

Our first foe, the serpent Satan, who has his wasp's nest in Jewish hearts, caused them to counsel together, saying: "Is such a thing honest to our laws, to let such a boy sing as he lists to despite us?" They then conspired to be rid of him. They hired a homicide, who had a shop in an alley, to seize the child as he went by, hold him fast, cut his throat, and cast him into a pit.

What might the evil intent of these Herods, all new, avail them? Murder will out, and thereby the honor of God shall spread.

The poor widow waited all that night for her little child, but he did not come. At daylight, with a face pale with dread and busy thought, she went to the school and asked every one in the street if they had seen her son. Then she was told that he was last seen in the Jewry. She asked and begged piteously to every Jew who dwelt in that place to tell her if her child had gone by. But they all said "No." Jesus, of His grace, dwelt in her thought for a little space, so that she stopped and cried to her son, near to the pit where he had been thrown. There he, with throat cut, stood upright and began to sing "O Alma Redemptoris" so loud that all the place rang with the song.

The Christian people hurried through the street and quickly sent in wonder for the provost. He came without tarrying and heard the song of Christ and His Mother, and then had the Jews bound. With piteous cries the child was taken away, singing all the time, and carried with honor to the nearest abbey. His mother fell in a swoon beside the bier, and this new Rachael might not be taken hence. The provost served the Jews that knew of this murder with torment and with shameful death.

The innocent child lay on the bier; and when the mass was finished and holy water sprinkled on his head, the child sang "O Alma Redemptoris, Mater." Then the abbot, who was a holy man, as monks are or else should be, began to conjure the body. "O dear child, I bid thee tell me in the name of the Holy Trinity what is your cause for singing, since your

throat is cut, as it seems to me?" The child answered: "My throat is cut to the neck bone. I should have died a long time ago, but Jesus Christ willed that His glory last and be in mind and His dear Mother worshiped be. So sing I 'O Alma' loud and clear. I have loved her always, as I was taught, and when I was dying she came to me and bade me sing this song in my death. And when I sang, I thought she put a grain on my tongue, and I will sing until it be taken off. Then she bade me not fear, for she would come to fetch me when the grain was taken from me."

The abbot took the grain away and the child gave up the ghost full softly. When the abbot had seen this wonder, his salt tears trickled down as rain. He and the priests fell upon the ground, weeping and praising Christ's mother dear. After this, they rose and took away the martyr from his bier and enclosed his sweet little body in a tomb of marble stone.

There he is now. God yield us to meet him.

ESTELLE FRANK.

Canterbury Pilgrims

To the Senior Class:

Where now the regal shows of bygone age,
Those pilgrims glimpsed in gracious pageantry
That ride and jest with easeful pleasantry,
Tell valorous tales, give counsel sage,
Midst England's spring, in Geoffrey's vernal page?
Like motley threads in antique tapestry
Of blazoning grim or courtly gallantry,
Their splendors throng in glittering equipage.
As festal hall where garlands interweave
Grows chill, its music mute, its maskers fled;
As brands that bravely flare on St. John's Eve
Are ash when morning's holy feast is spread;
So pass they all: and yet their snows glow red
When fading suns the vales in shadow leave.

A. A.

EDITORIALS

SCHOOL SPIRIT.

School has begun this term with enthusiasm, both for study and play. The selling of tickets, the successful booths in the vaudeville show, give evidence to the awakening of school spirit, which has been languishing for the last few years. But don't let it stop here! This is football season, and big crowds at the games spur our players on to winning the championship. Come to the games, and increase that awakening spirit to such an extent that visitors will marvel and tell abroad of that which has been lacking, "Alameda school spirit."

CLASS OF MAY, 1909.

"The Winged Victory" which the class of May, '09, presented to the school Commencement night is a gift highly prized by the faculty and students, not only from the standpoint of artistic value, but because it is the first memorial of this kind left by an outgoing class. This gift shows that the class must have been proficient in economical management and in artistic taste to leave a present so costly and valuable. It should be a worthy example to succeeding classes.

"DOING TOO MUCH."

As a Senior, the editor may well express her opinion of people taking part too much in school activities before they have reached that long-hoped-for time of being a "Dignified Senior." It is a great temptation when one is offered an office in school, a leading role in an opera, or a responsible position on "The Acorn," not to accept, and this editorial does not mean to convey the idea that only Seniors should accept these honors, but merely to impress upon those who are interested in school affairs not to do too much. That is the trouble with many of us; we do too much, and by the time our last year at school arrives we have had every honor, and failed in many of our subjects, so that the would-be happy year has become the hardest, most unhappy, most unsatisfactory, and one filled with the greatest drudgery.

The editor wishes to remark in conclusion that a rule allowing only Juniors and Seniors to participate in school activities, excluding athletics, would prove to be a most splendid and in the end a most satisfactory rule.

Epitaph On Dinsdale

By Francis Mix.

To Alameda once there came
A great bush leaguer, Dins by name.
He wore fine socks of gorgeous hues,
And was escorted by old Truck Kues.

As soon as high school he had entered,
On baseball his attention centered.
Alas! his playing days were by.
He'd lost his once great batting eye.

Still undismayed, Dins turned to track.
His hopes were soon ripped up the back.
He tried to run the hundred yard;
Once more, alas! he trained too hard.

Then back to Woodland Dinsdale blew,
With his fine socks of gorgeous hue.
With us his memory still stands pat;
How's that, how's that, how's that.

SCHOOL NOTES

High Senior Play

"His Excellency the Governor" will be presented by the High Senior class Oct. 1, 1909. Following are the characters:

His Excellency Sir Montague Martin, G. C. S. I., Governor of the Amandaland Islands) ..... Harold Thomas
The Right Honorable Henry Carlton, M. P. ..... John Coyle
Captain Charles Carew, A. D. C., (on His Excellency's staff ..... Harry Kassebaum
Mr. John Baverstock, private secretary ..... Maurice Kebby
Captain Rivers, Major Kildare } Of the Midland Fusiliers { ..... William Wieland, ... Karl Shattuck
A Sentry ..... Claire Seagrave
A Butler ..... Bertram Bronson
Mrs. Wentworth Bolingbroke ..... Martha Vaughn
Ethel Carlton ..... Georgia Meredith
Stella de Gex ..... Marjorie Emmons

The Governor of the Amandaland Islands is expecting a visit from the Right Honorable Henry Carlton, who is on a yachting party with his sister, Mrs. Bolingbroke, and his daughter Ethel. Just before their arrival, Stella de Gex, an actress, appears. She claims to be a relative of Sir Montague and forces herself upon his hospitality.

During the stay of the actress and the Right Honorable's family, many amusing events occur. Mrs. Wentworth Bolingbroke is shocked and disgusted that her brother, the Right Honorable, should fall into the snares of the wily actress. She herself vainly tries to captivate Sir Montague Martin. There is great excitement about a slave insurrection in the islands, which does not occur.

Sir Montague Martin, Captain Charles Carew, and Mr. John Baverstock fall head over heels in love with the charming Miss Carlton. Much fun is caused by the proposals of these men, but Captain Carew is accepted by her in the end.

The Vaudeville Show

On the evening of September 3d a large vaudeville show and dance was given in the Assembly Hall. This show was for the benefit of A. H. S. athletics, and it not only proved a great success financially, but it was an enjoyable evening for all who were present. The crowd was the largest that ever attended an affair of this kind at this school; the tickets not only sold very well in school, but also outside.

Mr. Westergaard opened the evening by giving a very amusing recitation, entitled "Orpheus and Eurydice."

Jack Coyle, as Landers Stevens, and Maurice Kebby, as Elmer Booth, gave quite an original skit. As is to be expected, Jack Coyle was very clever, and with Maurice Kebby made a strong team, which met with the favor of all.

One of the chief attractions to many was the awarding of the Block "A's" to the members of the victorious baseball team and our crack track team. Charles Baum presented the "A's."

Mr. Carlyle and Miss Edna Maltman entertained the crowd by giving a burlesque on grand opera. Nothing more need be said about this, as we all have seen examples of Mr. Carlyle's cleverness.

Last of all, but the feature of the show, was the skit, "Wooing in Zulu," written by Mr. Marshall. The maidens, Ada Nason, Theo. Spaulding, and Alice Davis, did themselves proud by not only looking their best, but by rendering their songs in such a manner that they were encored many times. Ed Seagrave, the "lonely King of Zulu," carried out his part excellently. The "middies," Jack Thomas, Philip Plummer, and Charles Medcraft, were very original and drew down the house continually. The songs were catchy and the scenery was quite elaborate.

Miss Martha Vaughan accompanied very ably.

Dancing was the order of the evening after the performance, and between the dances every one was given an opportunity to patronize the different booths. This was done, as is shown by the amount which was taken in by these booths, the total being thirty-eight dollars.

A feature of the evening that stood out by itself was the wireless telegraph installed by Mr. Minum, by which messages could be sent from one end of the Assembly Hall to the other. This concession was almost entirely managed by High School students.

Miss Georgia Meredith and Charles Baum as managers did everything in their power to make this affair a success, and they surely succeeded. The total amount deposited in the bank after all expenses were paid was one hundred and thirty dollars and fifty-five cents. Nothing small about that!

Change In Constitution

The constitution of the Academic Athletic League has been changed, so that it is necessary for the schools who are members of the A. A. L. to be represented by two men instead of one. The representatives are to be one from the alumni and one from the student body.

This is a most excellent change, as it will improve the interest of the schools concerned if they are represented not only by one of the alumni, but one of their own body. The representative from the school keeps the students posted and, furthermore, two heads are better than one.

On Aug. 31, 1909, a special meeting of the Executive Committee was called to explain the change in constitution and also for election of the new delegate. Russell P. Baker was already the alumni representative and Charles E. Baum was elected to be the other delegate.

Alameda High is well represented by Baum and Baker. Both of them have excellent executive ability and can ably stand up for Alameda High's rights if it is needed.

Others besides ourselves think Baum and Baker two good workers, for Baker was elected president of the Alameda County Sub-League, while Baum was chosen as the Sub-League's A. A. L. delegate; also elected chairman of the Football Committee. This makes the Alameda County Sub-League entirely represented at the A. A. L. board by Alameda men, thus Alameda's interests should be well taken care of.

At the present time Alameda High School has no kick coming on the Academic Athletic League. We have always received fair treatment from the League officials at all times. Under no condition should the student body allow themselves to be influenced by people who are sore at the League because they have heard Oakland and Berkeley fellows talk.

A word to the wise is sufficient.

Gisela Haslett is out of school on account of ill health. She expects to re-enter next term.

Ruth Soule is attending Miss Harker's school at Palo Alto.

Theo. Spaulding, Ada Nason, and Alice Davis took part in the musical skit, "Wooing in Zulu," written by one of the faculty for the vaudeville show.

Janet Painter is attending Miss Ransom's school.

Marie Tyson has just returned from an extended tour abroad, where she spent the summer months with her family.

The vaudeville show, which came off Sept. 3, 1909, was a great success. The skit written by Mr. Marshall was the main feature of the performance.

ALUMNI NOTES

Jessie Hall, who left here two years ago, has graduated from Los Angeles High and has entered Stanford University.

William Weinmann, who attended Alameda High a few years ago, is attending California and is pledged to the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity.

Homer Spence, December, '08, has entered Stanford and is pledged to the Chi Psi fraternity.

May Beverly Nason has returned to Alameda recently from a year spent at a finishing school in the East.

Jean and Marie Tyson are in Alameda again after being abroad a number of months.

Of the class of June, '09, Mary de Witt, Ethel Porter, Margaret Pewtress, Kenneth Abbott, and Heath Angelo are attending California.

Harold Thomas is taking a post-graduate course at high school.

Edwin Graff, Meredith Parker, and Spencer Brush, of December, '08, have entered California this semester.

Ed Everts, a former Alameda High man, has finished a course at West Point and is here visiting his family while awaiting his appointment to Monterey.

Ralph Marx, who graduated from this school, has been attending Pennsylvania University and is now back here in Alameda coaching our football team.

Frank Butler is at Portland in the interests of the Loop Lumber Company.

Meredith Parker is pledged to the Chi Phi fraternity at California.

Edwin Graff, December, '08, is making good at Rugby at California.

Spencer Mastick, December, '08, is pledged to the Phi Delta Theta fraternity at California.

Frank Jackson, formerly of Alameda High, has received his degree in economics at Stanford.

EXCHANGES

The Owl (Fresno), as usual, is a most creditable issue, and one worthy of praise. The cover design is unique and artistic. The cuts are exceptionally good. Your exchanges are indeed worthy of mention.

Hesperian (Hoquiam). Your cover does not reach the standard set forth by your contents. "The Senior Masque" is interesting, being destitute of any amateurishness, so common in all preparatory school stories. Your class notes are excellent. We are glad to note that Athletics has been given a prominent place in your paper.

Gong (Escondido). Your issue is not as noisy as its name. Do not agree with you in eliminating all cuts from your paper. Would advise as far as possible to insert all joshes in the Josh column. Your stories, "J. Moray" and "A Desperate Undertaking," are very clear.

Far Darter (St. Helena). Your paper is very good, especially your stories, but, "Far Darter," why not import a sketch artist to St. Helena to furnish cuts for your paper, which would be a great improvement?

Hitchcock Sentinel (San Rafael). You undoubtedly deserve much credit for your weekly issue, but think that your efforts would be more profitable if you saved your material for a monthly.

Olive and Gold (Santa Barbara). Your last of the "Naughty Classes" is most original and attractive. Would advise keeping your ads in the proper place and differentiating between the different departments.

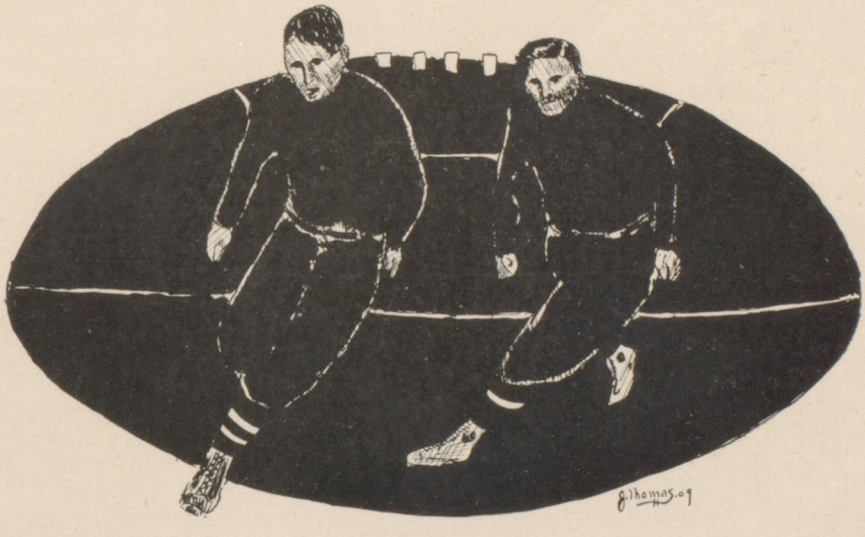
Wilmerding Life (San Francisco). Your June issue is the best exchange we have had the pleasure of receiving. Your cover is unusually good. The athletics are written with professional skill. Your exchanges are very creditable and well worthy of mention.

Tomahawk (Ferndale). Your commencement issue is a credit to any high school. The stories and cuts are far above the average. We commend you on your faithful work.

Pine Breezes (Placerville). Your breezes are certainly cool and refreshing. The stories are good, and your poet is right up to the mark.

CHAMPIONSHIP
A.A.L.
DO IT YERSELF
LET'S TAKE DE APPLE AWAY FROM DAT ALAMEDA GUY!
I'LL ASK HIM FOR DE CORE.
POLY
LICK
FRUITVALE

ATHLETICS



FOOTBALL

Football is on again in dead earnest. We have some good new material, and by the time the league opens will have an excellent team. Captain Bruzzone is back at school, and we are all glad to see him.

Alameda is certainly strictly in the swim as a championship school, holding the baseball and football cups and the cup for taking second in the Stanford Interscholastic Field Meet.

The football men we have lost by graduation are: Parker, right guard; Graff, full back; Siegfried, left tackle; Geldermann, right end; Brush, quarter. Rudolph Baum has left school. The loss of these players will be felt keenly this season. The greatest loss, however, is little "Mini." He was a general of his team always, and his berth is not an easy one to fill.

Those who are left in school of the veterans are: Captain E. Bruzzone, line man; Charles Kiser, half back; Charles Baum, half back; D. Bruzzone, end; and Anthony, center. Among those who expect to don the moleskins this season are: Captain Bruzzone, Charles Kiser, C. Baum, Maguire, Seagrave, Hunt, Thomas, P. Mackie, J. Mackie, Anthony, D. Bruzzone, B. Wieland, L. Ives, Doc Carpenter, Lex Baum, Medcraft, and others.

We have a likely bunch of boys to make up our team, and we need the support of every one in the school, including principal and teachers.

On Friday afternoon, Sept. 3, 1909, Ralph Marx, the coach for the season of 1909, took charge of the football squad. After a short talk, he got the squad into action.

Marx will certainly have a fast team by the time the league opens. On the squad there are almost no total greenhorns, and all handle themselves well.

On Wednesday afternoon, September 8, at Recreation Park, we played a practice game with Wilmerding, the final score being: Wilmerding, 0; Alameda, 15. The game was not a very interesting one, as there were many changes in the line-up. But it gave the students a chance to get a line on some of the new players.

Kiser played a grand game at fullback, making many fine, long end runs. Captain Bruzzone played a good game at left tackle. The entire squad almost to the man acquitted themselves well.

Among the students was heard a general murmur of satisfaction at the speed of the team.

The first league game is to be with Oakland Poly in October.

TRACK

Captain Cummins has issued a call for track material, and chances look very bright for the Fall, '09, squad. What with Captain Cummins, Thorpe, Ninekirk, Dangee, Perkins, Christiansen, Shattuck, and others, we have a good chance to annex a few things.

On September 9, the Track Team went to Santa Rosa to take part in a dual meet with the high school of that place.

Insisting that four places be counted in a dual meet; that Alameda be limited in expenses to 13 men; also that a man could enter but three events, the Santa Rosa track team under these rules went down to defeat before the team representing the local high school. Under these conditions, Alameda had an up-hill fight against her opponents, but succeeded in piling up 79½ points against Santa Rosa's 68½.

Macaulay ran the 220-yard dash in the remarkable time of 22 seconds. Three watches caught him at this fast time.

Ninekirk, a freshman of Alameda High, finished a close second to Thorpe in the mile and tied with Shattuck in the half mile for the same place. This is a very good showing for a new man, and he is expected to develop into a first-class point maker in both of these events.

Charles Kiser ran a fine lap in the relay, covering two-thirds of the distance in his bare feet, having lost his track shoes near the start.

The score would have been still larger in Alameda's favor had they not forfeited the points in the hurdles and pole vault.

The results are as follows:

100-yard dash—First, Macaulay, Alameda; second, Gould, Santa Rosa; third, Hudson, Santa Rosa; fourth, Kiser, Alameda. Time, 10 2-5 seconds.

50-yard dash—First, Macaulay, Alameda; second, Noonan, Santa Rosa; third, Hudson, Santa Rosa; fourth, Gould and Kiser tied. Time, 5 2-5 seconds.

220-yard dash—First, Macaulay, Alameda; second, Cummins, Alameda; third, Hudson, Santa Rosa; fourth, Wilson, Santa Rosa. Time, 22 seconds flat.

440-yard dash—First, Cummins, Alameda; second, Shattuck, Alameda; third, Wilson, Santa Rosa; fourth, Thompson, Alameda. Time, 51 seconds.

880-yard dash—First, Thorpe, Alameda; second, Shattuck and Ninekirk, Alameda, tied; fourth, Farmer, Santa Rosa. Time, 2 minutes 14 2-5 seconds.

Mile—First, Thorpe, Alameda; second, Ninekirk, Alameda; third, Lockhart, Santa Rosa; fourth, Juri, Alameda. Time, 5:01 2-5.

Half-mile relay—Won by Alameda—Shattuck, Kiser, Cummins, and Macaulay. Time, 1 minute 35 seconds.

220-yard low hurdles—First, Cochrane, Santa Rosa; second, Gay, Alameda; third, Weeks, Santa Rosa; fourth, Christensen, Alameda. Time, 30 seconds.

Hammer—First, Abeel, Santa Rosa; second, Shattuck, Alameda; third, Kiser, Alameda; fourth, Weeks, Santa Rosa. Distance, 116 feet 9 inches.

Broad jump—First, Cochrane, Santa Rosa; second, Macaulay, Alameda; third, Christensen, Alameda; fourth, Norton, Santa Rosa. Distance, 19 feet 4 inches.

High jump—First, Christensen, Alameda; second, Mermain, Santa Rosa, and Cochrane, Santa Rosa, tied for second; fourth, Thorpe, Alameda. Height, 5 feet 4 inches.

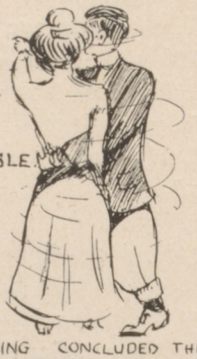
Shotput—First, Abeel, Santa Rosa; second, Weeks, Santa Rosa; third, Shattuck, Alameda; fourth, Kiser, Alameda. Distance, 42 feet.

OH, YOU KIDS!

HE SPOKE A PIECE

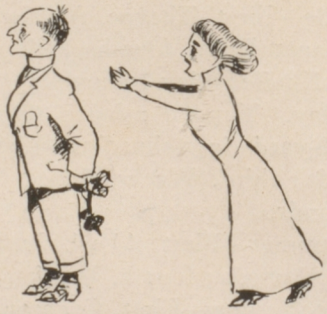
SCOWGRAVE,
KING OF THE
CANNIBAL ISLE.

George Mastick '09



DANCING CONCLUDED THE PROGRAM

LANDER-STEVENS COYLE



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HED.

JOKES AND JOSHES

"Johnny, do you smoke cigarettes?"

"I d-d-do a l-l-little, sir," stammered Johnny, paling beneath the tan of the baseball field.

The boss fixed him with his eagle eye. "Then gimme one," he said. "I left mine on the bureau."—Ex.

* * * * * * *

Fat Man—What! Are you going to let this small boy shave me?

Barber—Let the boy have his fun for once. It is his birthday, sir.

* * * * * * *

Mother—You have one great fault, Percival. You won't take "No" for an answer.

Boston Child—And yet it was that same trait in father which led you to marry him.—Ex.

* * * * * * *

Polite Foreigner—'Ello! 'Ello! Ees ees zat ees ze central? Oh! veree good! Pardon—I weel trouble you, eef you please, to ring for me ze nombaire—

Central (abruptly)—Line's busy.—Ex.

* * * * * * *

"Is this candy fresh?"

"I dunno. It never said anything to me."—Ex.

* * * * * * *

Our Public Schools.

School Teacher—Who can make a sentence using the word "indisposition"?

Tough Pupil (assuming a pugilistic pose)—When youse wants to fight youse stands in dis position.—Ex.

* * * * * * *

Mr. Marshall—Has any one read the final chapter of McMaster's history?

Mr. Shattuck—I have.

Mr. Marshall—The one in school or the one in the library?

Mr. Shattuck—The one in school.

Mr. Marshall—I am delighted (?), because the leaves of the one in school have not been cut yet.

The Other Way.

Those who dwell in glass houses should not throw stones.

The inhabitants of this terrestrial sphere, who domiciliate in abodes composed of a transparent material of a silicious nature, should refrain from propelling mineralogical specimens through the atmosphere.

The butcher, the baker, the candlestickmaker, all jumped out of a rotten potato.

The vender of animal substance, the compounder of the staff of life, and the maker of light-giving materials, all made their exit from the interior of a mucilaginous farinaceous substance in an advanced state of decomposition.

* * * * * * *

Jack: "What color is the storm and the wind?"

Jill: "The storm rose and the wind blew."

* * * * * * *

Mr. Marshall (looking up births, marriages, and deaths): "In plainer language—hatch, match and dispatch."

* * * * * * *

On August eleventh, a wounded boy was administered to by the principal of this High School in his private office. We would like to know how long you have been a Doctor Thompson?

At the B. C. L.

Freshman: "I'll bet any money that Mac wins by twenty yards at least."

Mr. Agard: "I'll venture a cookie he will greatly outdistance all opponents."

* * * * * * *

Mastick: "Those ladies crossing that street would be all in if they slipped on that oil, wouldn't they?"

Seagrave: "Yes, that would be crude."

Funny (?).

The cruel, crafty crocodile which with false grief and harmful guile, doth weep full sore and sheddeth tender tears.

* * * * * * *

Mr. Agard: "There is a great deal of smuggling in the fur trade."

F. M.: "Oh, what a skin game."

* * * * * * *

Said the Governor of North Carolina to the Governor of South Carolina: "I am obsessed of the cogitation that a cycle of interminable proportions supervenes between the diurnal periods of the assimilation of liquid products."

* * * * * * *

The solution of this enigma will appear in the next issue of "The Acorn."

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To the line AB:
"I love my wife
But you 'infinitee.'"
—Shortfellow.

Teacher (reading): "Corporations have no souls."
"How about the shoe trust?"

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Miss Killam: "Oh, dear."
Dr. Staley: "Now, don't call me names."

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That cannot be ignored.—T. W.

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